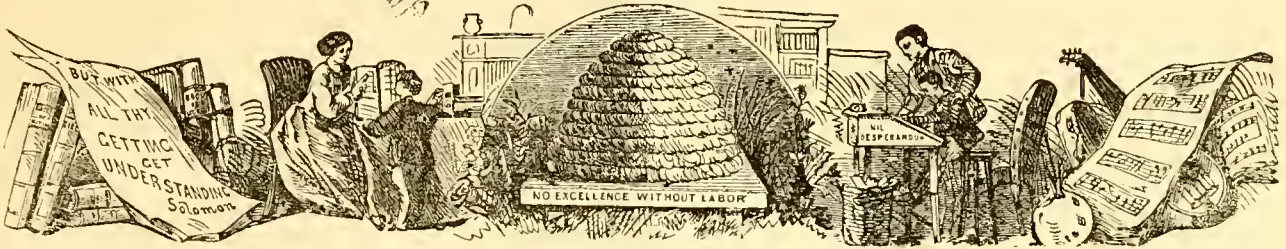


Holiness to the Lord!

# The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 8.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1873.

NO. 14.

## RESCUED.

YOU who have attended school much must have noticed that, in every class, there is a great variety in the capacities of the pupils. Some are much quicker at mastering their lessons than others, and though they may not be really any smarter than their schoolmates they can yet show themselves off to far greater advantage. Some boys have a naturally glib tongue, ready wit and showy exterior. They can master their tasks with ease, and they take pleasure in displaying their abilities, and in doing so they gain friends and admiration.

Another class of boys may be quite as smart, so far as their aptitude in mastering their lessons and acquiring knowledge are concerned, but through a natural bashfulness, or some other peculiarity of their mental organization, they can not show themselves off to advantage, and hence they are not so much admired as those first mentioned, and sometimes on account of their seeming dullness they are undervalued, and are regarded as boorish and stupid, by their more brilliant and showy schoolfellows.

But after all, the boys that shine most, are not always the most reliable or best boys; neither are they who can not shine, to be despised on that account, for they often possess the most grit and manhood, and it only requires some emergency to call it forth. We are going to give you an anecdote in illustration of this very principle. The circumstances took place in a distant part of the country, the actors being pupils in a boarding school in the same locality. We wish you to read what follows carefully, and to remember the lesson it conveys; and if any of you have ever been disposed to despise those whom you have regarded as

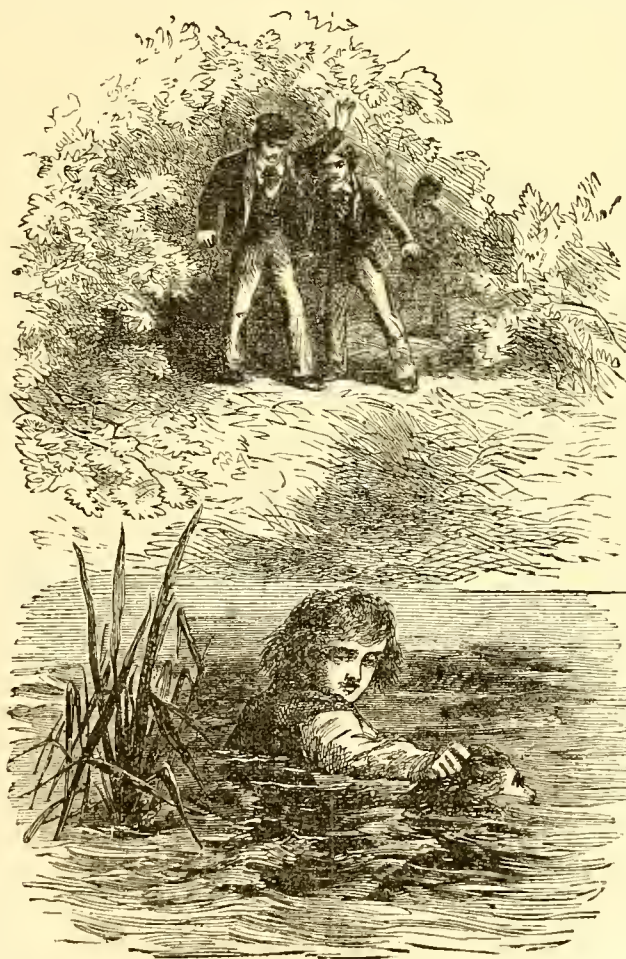
less than yourselves, never be guilty of such conduct again.

"Philip R— was the slowest boy at his books and studies of any of those in the boarding school which he entered. He was thoughtful and painstaking, but he was dull, and it took him a long time to arrive at conclusions which others reached

by a bound. The other boys made great fun of him for his dullness, though in other respects he was superior to most of them. He bore their taunts good-naturedly, and when one of those who had ridiculed him uttered a piercing scream in the water where he was bathing, and sank from view, Philip, though he was but a poor swimmer, jumped in and made for the spot where he had seen G— go down. The scream had had the effect of bringing back many of the boys; and pale with affright they stood watching. They saw G—'s figure rise to the surface, and R— paddling with one hand, endeavoring to grasp it, and miss it. They would have plunged in, dressed as they were, and were about to do so, when they saw Phil seize the figure of the drowning boy by the hair of his head, and tow it slowly to land. G— was senseless, but Phil, though he breathed hard, was not exhausted.

"'Quick!' he cried earnestly. 'There is not a moment to be lost. Cover him with everything you have, and bring him along.'

"They lifted up the prostrate figure and moved forward as if R— only waited to see them in motion, and then he ran. How he ran. Dripping like a Newfoundland dog, he arrived at the house several minutes before any of the others, and when the procession arrived with G—, all was ready for the reception and



they were carrying a corpse. R— only waited to see them in motion, and then he ran. How he ran. Dripping like a Newfoundland dog, he arrived at the house several minutes before any of the others, and when the procession arrived with G—, all was ready for the reception and



resuscitation of the half-drowned boy. The doctor who had charge of the school, was not a man who dealt much in the way of praise, believing that duty ever carries with it its own reward; but on this occasion, as he took Phil's two hands into his own, he said with a trembling lip, 'You have done well, R—. May God reward you.'

"Although all were ready to crown him with honor, and to deem him the bravest of the brave, this little incident seemed very slightly to affect R—. Between him and G— there sprang up a friendship, deep and fervent as that between David and Jonathan, and the boys never again ridiculed him because he was not naturally as bright as they were."

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

## Chemistry of Common Things.

### WASTE MATERIALS.— NO. 1.

IT is not intended to write about *waste of food*, it is to be supposed that so well as the precious worth of that article is, or rather has been, known among us, not even a particle is designedly or carelessly wasted. It is of the waste materials that abound in large cities, more particularly in those where manufacturing operations are carried on, to show some of the uses of such things up to the present time. In Nature there is *no waste*, the tiniest particle of *organized* matter is carefully utilized. Organic beings of various types, eminently suited to the sphere they move in, appropriate every precious morsel which speedily becomes a part of their being; when this is not done decomposition does the work of separating the constituents of the substance into their primitive elements, so that they may again be free to operate in the great work of creation. Nitrogen compounds, carbonic acid, oxygen and other compounds, all the parts of bodies that, in their proximate principles, are compound bodies, may pass into new states of being and as such be utilized. Animal and vegetable food is thus decomposed (digested) and re-vitalized (assimilated).

But observation, and *necessity*, especially, has shown to man that organized matter is, even when in the most refuse, unserviceable and perhaps repulsive form, a thing of value. With what earnestness and eloquence have the *uses of rags* been lately shown forth from the pulpit and the press. Rags are only one form of waste material; other materials may find uses and be equally cared for. Suppose anyone were to inform us that tons of fat, a very valuable substance, are wasted in this Territory every year; as well as hundreds of valuable hides of animals, and bones enough to grind into soluble phosphates to fertilize every acre of ground we cultivate, it would be true. But it is not so in some cities, and, with increased necessities and means, it is probable by and by these things may be utilized here. Some soap is made of our waste fat, and well made too, at the factory in the Fourth Ward; hard, honest soap. But we require a factory fifty times bigger, receptacles for all the dead animals, ears to carry them in so that the hides should not be lacerated, skinners and dressers, lime pits to take off the hair, furnaces to dry the blood and other refuse matter for manure, if soap is to be made so as to compete with eastern prices.

Now it may be interesting to our little readers to know something about the mode of utilizing waste material, it will also be instructive, even some chemical details will have to come in too, so as to be in keeping with the subject. There may be, as they say, some "startling disclosures" too, which it

will be safe to talk about *here* as we have none of these manufacturing yet, and, therefore, no private interests to attack. For, Mr. Beth has been behind the scenes in older countries than this, where it would be dangerous to venture to make remarks about the genuineness of *pork* sausages suspended in some factories for sale and about many other things besides. As to sausages, one old gentleman, quite a connoisseur in such things, before he partook of such delicacies would invariably satisfy himself as to the *locality* where they were bought. If replies to his interrogations did not indicate the abode of an honest salesman, the remark was invariably, "I don't care about *them* sausages." We don't want such sausage makers here, anyway, to utilize our dead animals; it is pleasant to live in a city where, we may hope, no such inquiries have to be made about articles of food, especially.

But there are many uses for the parts of a dead horse that pay well the manufacturer. Hair-cloth, mattresses, plumes, wigs—these are made of the hair. Leather, cordovan, a valuable upper leather—this is made from the hide. Glue and tendons of animals—this branch of industry is pursued here, tanning also, to a limited extent. The meat could be dressed for food for poultry, in the old countries it is prepared for dogs and cats. The intestines for catgut and lariats, in a small quantity for covering sausages. The fat for oil of various kinds, soaps, etc. The bones for "bone-ash," for cupelling and fertilizing, in most countries for knife-handles, etc., for phosphorus, super-phosphate of lime and bone-dust for manuring land. Hoofs are used for making snuff-boxes, buttons, combs, etc., the refuse for chemical purposes. Shoes—every body knows the value of iron. Dr. Playfair, in enumerating all these things, takes especial care not to tell the public what becomes of the *heart and tongue*, he only states that "it is a mystery." Even in this city fifteen dollars has been realized by the various products resulting from the operations upon a dead horse that was, otherwise, destined to fester by our wayside!

BETH.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

## A BOY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

(Continued.)

WE hove up anchor, Sunday the 15th of September, 1850, and beat down Vineyard Bay, a steady breeze blowing right into our teeth. As the ship was "put about" a great many times, several of us learned a "sheet from a 'tack'" and a "brace" from a "bowline," and our blistered hands burned as if we had been handling hot coals all day. During the afternoon the captain and mate chose watches. I was chosen as one of the starboard watch (the captain's). This over, the "old man" had a "talk" to us in rather a plain way, commencing by informing us that we were all very green, but it would not be his fault if we were not "old plants" before the voyage was over. We were to come when called, go where sent, and always to remember in our answers that the officers had "handles" to their names, and always to pass them to leeward. If we did right we should get along first rate together, if not he would "haze" us; he would make the ship a hell for all "soldiers." The *Maria* had made two or three poor voyages, he had come on board to change her luck, and he did not intend to return home without a "full ship." We could do it if we only set our hearts on it, and whether we did or not he would make us. Said he, "recollect I want no sleeping on deck during your watch; if you do, you lose your watch below for a month. Now, go below the watch, you have eight hours on deck to-night."

And down below *we*, of the starboard, went in silence, most of, if not all, the boys already repenting of their folly in going



to sea. The captain's talk did not cheer them any, in fact, when once in the fore-castle, many did not hesitate to give vent to their feelings in terms not very complimentary to that gentleman and the whaling fraternity generally. As for myself, I felt too bad, too home-sick and full of grief, to give utterance to my thoughts. Some of the boys lit their pipes and smoked, some attacked the "kid" containing the "salt junk," the sea air already giving them an appetite; others commenced "rigging" themselves in their "sou-westers" and "monkey jackets," for their night watch. There was some novelty keeping watch at night to most of us, it was Paul Jones-like. The Buccaneers doubtless kept watch at night, it was a little romantic and sailor-like, we had read about it, it was a change, it was new, we had dreamed of it and pictured it in our mind with all the charms fancy could lend, but alas! we never had experienced or even dreamt of the stern reality. I felt weary and tired. We had worked hard all day pulling and hauling, and my hands were all blistered. I would much rather have turned into my "bunk" and lost my sorrows in sleep, but I already realized that I was no longer my own master, but a slave for the next three or four years, should God in His mercy permit me to live. I tried to wash down my feelings with a cup of tea, but bah! such tea—made of peach leaves and Prussian blue. I could not stomach it. "Hank" recommended a little molasses in it to improve the taste, but it was no go, the sweetening made it as nauseating as salts and senna.

"Eight bells below there," shouted the officer on deck, and the old ship's bell commenced its ding-ding, denoting the hour of eight p. m., and the time to relieve the watch; and the star-board watch, with their pipes, "sou-westers" and new "monkey jackets," emerged from the tobacco and bilge-water stinking fore-castle, with high hopes, sad hearts and sore hands, and sorry thoughts of the life before them. One boy was sent to relieve the wheel, for already the officers had commenced teaching us to steer, by keeping one of us at the helm, under the direction of a boat-steerer.

"What's your name?" said the fourth mate to me.

"G—M—O—, sir," I replied.

"Well, my eyes, you've got name enough. Just jump on the ta' gallant fore-castle, and keep a sharp lookout that we don't run anything down, and look ye, if you go to sleep I'll keep you on deck all day to-morrow."

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered, and mounted the fore-castle for a two hours' lookout, though I must say I could have told Mr. M— not to be over anxious as to our running anything down, for the wind had died away to a perfect calm, and the full, round moon shone with a brightness I never saw before. I walked the fore-castle deck, fore and aft, trying hard to look on the bright side of things, but thoughts of home would come up and almost choke me. Tears came to my eyes in spite of me, and as they rolled down my cheeks I brushed them off, and gazed over the dark and silent sea. All seemed blank. Up in the sky the moon shone like burnished silver, casting its rays over the deep and over the shore, over home, "sweet home." I found that I must cry, and cry I did, feeling better after it.

At four bells, (ten o'clock) "Man-of-war Bill" relieved me on the lookout. Light puffs of wind had begun to ripple the water, and by twelve o'clock quite a breeze had sprung up. We braced the yards and, being relieved by the larboard watch, turned in for a four hours' sleep. (At sea the watches are changed every four hours, night and day.) Going on deck at four o'clock, I was surprised to see the top-gallant sails furled, and double reefs in the top sails. The wind blew pretty strong from the N. W., and the old *Maria* pitched and rolled considerably, making it rather awkward and unsteady walking for us "greenys." I asked a boat-steerer if it was not a big storm blowing, but he told me "No, it was only a light breeze, but Captain B— has taken in sail for fear you greenhorns might get sea-sick." O: course I felt much obliged to the

captain, but most of the boys had already commenced to cast up their accounts with Neptune.

At day light the decks were scrubbed, and at eight o'clock we again turned in for a sleep, all the boys, except myself and two others, terribly sea-sick.

Going on deck again at 12 m., we found the wind still blowing as stormy as when we left the deck in the morning. The fore and mizzen top sails were close-reefed, and as there was nothing to do on deck the second mate thought it a good opportunity to "slush" the masts. He very kindly sent me aloft to do the fore-royal, fore-top-gallant and fore-top masts, with the hint to look out and spill none on the sails. (Slush is the refuse grease and fat from salt meat, collected when cooking.) This was my first venture aloft, and my feelings can better be imagined than described; but I performed the task assigned me. I slushed the masts and myself, and when I arrived safe on deck, although the mate smiled at my greasy appearance, I felt half a sailor already, and I resolved to make the best of a bad bargain.

On the fourth day out, while standing at the mast head, I first felt that most disagreeable of all feelings—sea-sickness, and the agony and misery of the three following days cannot be expressed in language. It all seems now like a dream of excruciating torture, and I thank Heaven it has passed, and will say no more about it.

On the 26th of September, during our afternoon watch, the royal yards and masts were sent down on deck, though at the time it was blowing but a moderate breeze; but the barometer gave indication of squally weather, and the captain, with the usual caution of a whalerman, commenced preparing accordingly. At sundown the top-gallant sails were furled, the top-sails close-reefed, and the main-sail furled, the flying jib nubent and the boom rigged-in, for by this time it was blowing a pretty stiff gale and looked awfully black and heavy to windward. At eight o'clock, as our watch came on deck (we had the double watch that night), the fore-sail and jib were furled, and at nine o'clock we furled the fore and mizzen-top sails, heaving the ship to, under a close-reefed main-top sail and fore-topmast stay sail. It was now blowing a perfect hurricane, with a very heavy sea, and the wind seemed to still increase in force. The vessel shipped several seas and labored and pitched awfully. At twelve our watch was relieved, and we went below, but not to sleep, for with the groaning of the timbers, the wind shrieking through the rigging, the washing of the water over head, to say nothing of the tossing and our anxiety, sleep was impossible. We had been below probably an hour, when the vessel shipped an enormous sea, carrying away the lee bulwarks, from the fore to the main rigging, part of the try works, galley, bow boat and in fact everything on deck that was not bolted extra fast, besides filling the fore-castle knee-deep with water, and searing us poor greenys half out of our senses. All hands were called aft on the quarter deck, where I found it required two men at the wheel. It was impossible to see five feet from you for the spray. We had barely gained the deck when the main top-sail sheet parted, and with a rattle and flash it tore through the end of the main yard like a stream of fire. Before we could man the clewlines the sail had blown to tatters. We attempted to take in the stay-sail, but the down-haul parted, and then the sheet and it, too, were in ribbons in no time. The fore and main try-sails were set after a great deal of trouble, and the ship's head kept to the wind. By daylight the gale broke, but, as usual, left us a very heavy sea. A new top-sail and stay-sail were "bent," and the fore-sail and close-reefed-fore, and mizzen-top-sails, set. About noon a large sloop-of-war crossed our bows, her fore-top mast and main-top-gallant mast gone. During the afternoon we added more sail, and before night we had our top-gallant sail set, and the ship was howling along with the wind on her quarter, her head pointed for the Western Islands.

(To be continued)



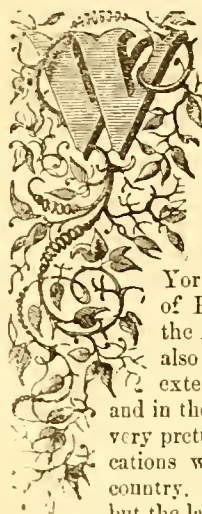
## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1873.

### VISIT TO THE LAND AND HILL OF CUMORAH.



ON a recent visit to the States on business Brother Brigham Young, Jun., and the Editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR arranged to make a visit to the hill Cumorah—the hill where Mormon and Moroni secreted the records, by the command of the Lord, which were revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and from which he translated the Book of Mormon. As we were traveling eastward, we took the New York Central Railroad at Buffalo for the town of Palmyra. This town is prettily situated on the New York and Erie Canal, and the railroad also runs close by it. Trees are cultivated extensively on the sides of some of the streets and in the city lots, and some of the residences are very pretty and tastefully arranged. From the indications we imagined that this must be a wealthy country. The farms around are highly cultivated; but the land does not yield grains and fruit as it once did. It was at Palmyra that the first edition of the Book of Mormon was published. We put up at the leading hotel and engaged a carriage to take us out to Cumorah, which was about three miles distant from Palmyra. We took the old stage road to Canandaigua. The scenery on this road was exceedingly fine. It was a season of the year when the country was seen to the best advantage and its appearance called forth our admiration. We had proceeded a little over a mile on the road when the driver of the carriage pointed out a hill to us on our left, which he said was "Mormon Hill." We supposed that by this he meant Cumorah. Though in its general appearance it resembled the descriptions we had had of Cumorah, yet we were somewhat disappointed in its size, as it was not so high a hill as many others which we saw in the neighborhood. In fact, as we rode along, we saw several hills which we thought more like what we imagined Cumorah to be than the one pointed out to us. We rode on for probably two miles farther, conversing but very little and each absorbed in his own reflections, when we saw, immediately in front of us, a hill that rose suddenly, almost precipitously, from the plain. Brother Brigham, Jun., remarked when we saw it: "There is a hill which agrees in appearance with my idea of Cumorah." In this opinion the Editor coincided. The driver, hearing our remarks, turned to us and said: "Yes, this is Gold Bible Hill." We then learned that Cumorah was known through this country by the name of "Gold Bible Hill." We asked him what he meant by calling the other, which he had pointed out to us, "Mormon Hill." He replied that there was a cave in that hill which the "Mormons" had dug and some of them had lived in it, so the people said; and, therefore, it was known by that name.

Close at the foot of Cumorah there is a comfortable farm house. The driver got permission to leave his carriage in the barnyard while we climbed the hill. The hill is fenced in and inclosed in a farm. The road runs on the west side of it, and is only a few hundred yards from its base. It presented a most

remarkable appearance as one travels on the road from Palmyra as we did. No observing person could pass it without being struck by its singular appearance. It rises so abruptly at its north end that it is somewhat difficult to climb. Its base is quite broad, but at the north end the summit is quite narrow—almost a ridge, on which a few trees are growing. The view from the top of the hill was one of the finest the writer ever beheld, and we could not refrain from expressions of pleasure at the beauty of the scene and the extensive prospect which a view from the summit afforded. The hill seemed to be in the centre of what might be termed an extensive valley. On every side the horizon was bounded, at a distance of four or five miles from where we stood, by a range of hills. The intervening country was not a smooth, regular valley; but there were low hills, and dales—fields and groves of timber, broken at intervals by water courses. We saw several villages and towns in the distance. Undoubtedly great changes had occurred in the appearance of the surrounding country since the days when Mormon and Moroni had trod the spot where we stood; still we could readily understand, even now, how admirable a position this would be for a general to occupy in watching and directing the movements of armies and in scrutinizing the position of an enemy. Around Cumorah is yet a land of many waters, rivers and fountains, as Mormon said it was in his day. Our emotions on treading on this sacred hill were of the most peculiar character. They were indescribable. This was the hill Ramah of the Jaredites, and it is probable, that, in this vicinity, Coriantumr and Shiz, with the people whom they led, fought their last battle. For this great battle they were four years preparing, gathering the people together from all parts of the land, and arming men and women, and even children. The battle lasted eight days, and the result was the complete extermination of the Jaredite nation, none being left but the prophet Ether—who warned the nation of the fate that awaited it unless the people repented, and who lived to record the fulfilment of his own warnings and predictions—and Coriantumr who succeeded in slaying his mortal enemy, Shiz. It is probable that the prophet Ether, when he emerged from his hiding-place to view the destruction of his race, which he had been inspired to foretell, had ascended this hill and from its summit had gazed with profound grief upon the thousands of slain which lay scattered unburied upon the surface of the earth around. He and Coriantumr alone of all that mighty race which had flourished for upwards of fifteen hundred years, were left. Who can imagine the feelings which he must have had on such an occasion? From the summit of this hill, doubtless, Mormon and his great son Moroni had also witnessed the gathering of the hosts of the Nephites and the dusky and myriad legions of their deadly enemies, the Lamanites. Around this hill they had marshaled their forces—their twenty-three divisions of ten thousand men each, commanded by the most skillful of their generals; all to be swept away, except Mormon and Moroni and twenty-two others, in one day's battle, by the fierce and relentless foe whom God permitted to execute his threatened judgment! Stealthily perhaps, for fear of exciting the attention of the Lamanites, Mormon and Moroni and their companions may have ascended this hill and gazed on the dreadful scene around them. What a picture of desolation and woe must have met their sight! How deep must have been their anguish at thus witnessing the destruction of the fair ones of their nation! No wonder they cried out in anguish, and mourned with pathetic lamentations the rebellion against God which had brought this terrible destruction upon them. Mormon's feelings must have been very peculiar. At fifteen years of age chosen to be the commander-in-chief of the armies of his nation, he had fought battle after battle until now, at seventy-four years of age, he witnessed the complete blotting out of what had been the most favored people on the earth. His reflections must have been peculiarly painful,



because he knew that had they listened to him he could have saved them. It was here that he hid the abridgment which he made of the records, and which is now known by his name, and it was here, thirty-six years after this tremendous battle, that his son Moroni also hid his abridgment of the Book of Ether and the record which he had made from which we learn the fate of his father Mormon and his other companions, that sixteen years after the battle of Cumorah Mormon and all the Nephites except Moroni had been killed by the Lamanites. It was to this spot that about fourteen hundred years after these events, Joseph Smith, the prophet, was led by Moroni in person and here the records, engraved on plates, were committed to him for translation. Who could tread this ground and reflect upon these mighty events, and not be filled with indescribable emotion? We were literally surrounded by the graves of two of the mightiest nations which had ever flourished on the earth. We stood in the centre of their burial place. They had rebelled against God, they had slain His prophets, disregarded His warnings and arrayed themselves against Him. His promise and covenant concerning this land are: "that whatsoever nation shall possess it, shall serve God, or they shall be swept off when the fullness of His wrath shall come upon them. And the fullness of His wrath cometh upon them when they are ripened in iniquity; for behold, this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that doth possess it shall serve God, or shall be swept off; for it is the everlasting decree of God."

The Jaredites, a great and a mighty race, the descendants of the most favored of men, had received the threatened penalty of disobedience and they were exterminated. The Nephites, too, than whom a more favored people never dwelt upon the earth of whom we have any account, when they became ripened in iniquity shared the same fate—they were blotted out. The inquiry arose, in reflecting upon the fate of those mighty empires, "How will it be with the American nation? Will its strength, the blessings which it enjoys, its numbers and prosperity, its liberty and boasted wisdom, and other great advantages, avail it anything in rescuing it from the same destruction if it persist in persecuting the Saints, in seeking to shed the blood of innocence and to destroy the priesthood and the Church of God?"

The surface of the hill is comparatively level and is narrow at its northern extremity. There is a tolerably clear space at the north end, there being but a few scattering trees standing there. In proceeding south the top of the hill becomes broader and the timber—beech, hickory, maple and other varieties—has quite a thick growth. Emerging from this timber, and less than half a mile from the north end of the hill, we came on a fenced field which is cleared of timber and cultivated. The surface of the hill from that point is rounding, and with the

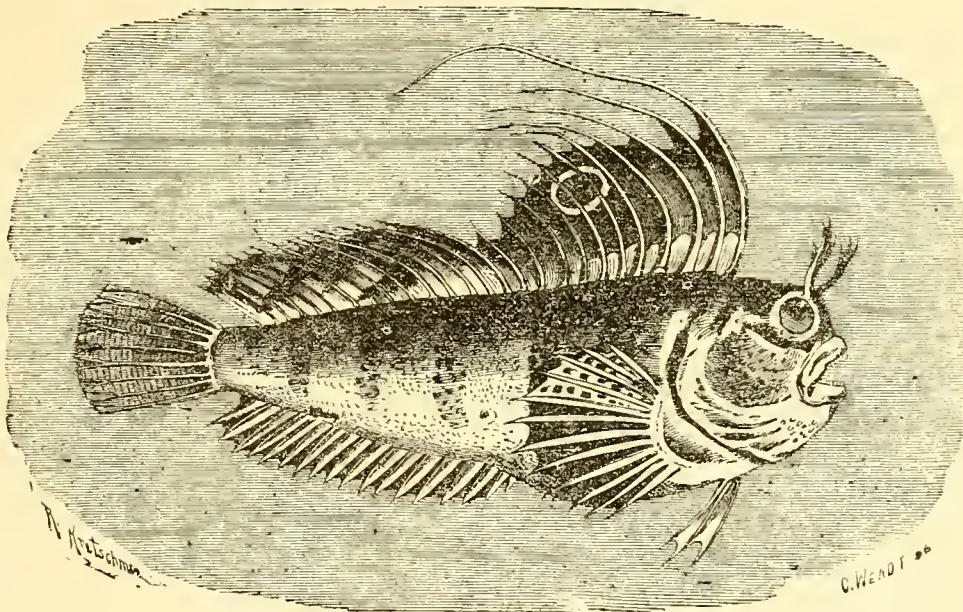
sides, can easily be plowed. Beyond this field there are the stumps of the former forest of the country; and still beyond, proceeding south, a clearing which has been made, as Oliver Cowdery says in his description of the hill, by wind or air. Beyond this the hill loses its distinctive character and falls, not abruptly, however, to the level of the surrounding country.

From the hill we proceeded to Manchester, about three miles distant, the town where the Prophet Joseph Smith resided when he obtained the plates. The house in which he lived is no longer standing; but we thought of his trials and temptations, of the persecutions to which he had been subjected and how cruelly he had been treated; how often himself and his brothers and parents had traveled that road, with but scanty means and no friend but God. Then we contrasted those circumstances with those of the Saints and servants of God at the present time, and we felt thankful to the Almighty for the fulfilment of so many of His promises made through His servant Joseph.

### THE BUTTERFLY FISH.

HERE is a picture of a curious little fish, belonging to the Blenny Family, or the Blennoids. Did it ever occur to

your mind that the denizens of the ocean are divided into families? You could hardly have helped thinking so if you have reflected on the subject at all, for you have already read enough to know that the finny tribes are very distinct in character. Some of them are very large and ferocious, others small and harmless; some make excellent food, while others



are not fit to be eaten. Some can fly for quite a distance in the air, while most of them die speedily when taken from the water. In fact there are almost as many varieties and peculiarities among the creatures that God has made which dwell in the waters as among His handiworks which dwell on land; and on account of these distinctions and peculiarities they have been separated into families by those who have given the whole of their time and attention to the study of natural history.

The family to which the fish belongs which is represented by the engraving is noted chiefly for living in companies. They are very small, and they perhaps live together for mutual protection. There are several varieties of these Blennies or social fishes, all closely related, but there are three principal or leading tribes among them, just as you can read about or know of there being leading or noted members in ancient and modern families among human beings.

The names given by naturalists to the leading families among the little fishes now under consideration are respectively—Blenny, Crested Blenny, and the Oscellated Blenny or Butterfly Fish. There is nothing remarkable about any of them, unless it be their social nature, so we shall confine the remainder of this



very short sketch to the last mentioned. Before going further, however, we must make a slight correction. We have said before that there is nothing remarkable about the Blennies; that is hardly true, for some of them produce their young alive, which is a very rare thing for fishes to do, as nearly all of them spawn, or deposit their eggs in certain places, which instinct tells them are best adapted for their safety until hatched. Some of these Blennies can live a considerable time out of water, especially if placed in moist sea-weed; but that is not *very* uncommon for we have no doubt that many of you have seen fishes alive in the market, several hours after they were caught.

The Butterfly Fish is a native of the Mediterranean sea, but it is sometimes found in the waters surrounding the British Islands. The engraving is a very correct likeness of it. It has two lobes or portions in the dorsal fin—that is the fin on the back. In that part of the dorsal fin nearest the head you see a black spot which is surrounded by a white ring. This gives the little fish a somewhat gay appearance, and for this reason alone he has received the somewhat fanciful name of the Butterfly Fish.

## ANECDOTES OF WILD ANIMALS, ETC.

(Continued.)

**T**HIS week we give another intensely tragic extract from the work of Mr. Girard. The circumstances as here narrated were not witnessed by our author, but the parties who figured in this terrible story were known to the Arabs in that part of Algiers where Mr. Girard resided, and the truth of the story there is little reason to doubt. It runs as follows:

"On the desert, when an Arab, the owner of a large tent, marries a wife, he bids all the world to the wedding, and the guests all go to the bride's tent to conduct her to her new home. The girl is carried in a palanquin, and the guests march by her side, making the night gay with music, and a general fusillade.

"But as all men do not herd the same number of cattle, so all marriages are not alike. If one is honored by a great cortege, and gay cavaliers, rich in trappings and well-earned name, caracole by the side of the future spouse, another groom may not have the means even to pay the fiddler that makes the music.

"Smal, a young warrior of our tribe, belonged to this latter class, and his last crown had been spent to endow his bride. His retinue was confined to his near relatives, and on the auspicious day he came on foot to the tent of his future father-in-law, like a very peasant.

"Here the brave couple and their friends feasted on mutton and couscous, and when the repast was done they fired away with powder and ball, taking care to reserve enough to use, in case of need, on their way home. They did not take the precaution to sign the marriage contract, for not one of the party could write even his own name, and the evening coming on, they separated with mutual good fellowship and well wishes for the future.

"The douar of the husband was only a league and a half away; it was a bright moonlight evening, and the party numbered nine guns—what was there to make them afraid? But is it not when the tent is the gayest, that trouble draws the curtain and steps in at the door?

"Truly, the good people were gay, and as they returned, in merry mood, they sang as they frolicked over the sand,

Allez-vous-en, gens de la noce,  
Allez-vous-en, chacun chez vous.

"Smal walked at the head of the procession, with his dark-eyed wife, and his head was bent, and his voice was low, whispering soft promises of the pleasures that were awaiting them under his tent. His friends were behind, discreetly loitering at a little distance, and from time to time their guns awoke the echoes among the distant hills. All went merry as the marriage bells.

"But on a sudden, the devil, who had not been bidden to the wedding, presented himself before them, in the shape of an enormous lion, and crouched down in the very path of the procession.

"What was to be done?

"They were halfway between the two douars, and it was equally dangerous to return or advance. The occasion to win the devotion of his wife forever was too tempting to Smal to allow it to pass.

"The guns were all loaded with ball, the bride was placed in the middle of a hollow square formed by the guests, brave men all, and the escort marched on, led by the bridegroom. They came to within thirty paces of the lion, and yet he had not moved.

"Smal ordered the party to halt, and then saying to his wife, 'Judge if you have married a man or not,' he walked straight up to the wild beast, summoning him in a loud voice to clear the road.

"At twenty paces the lion raised his monstrous head and prepared to spring.

"Smal, in spite of the cries of his wife and the entreaties of his friends, who counseled a retreat, bent one knee to the earth, took aim and fired.

"The lion, wounded by the shot, sprang on the husband, hurled him to the earth, and tore him in pieces in the twinkling of an eye, and then charged the group, in the middle of which stood the bride.

"'Let no one fire,' shouted the father of Smal, 'until he is within gun's length.'

"But where is the man who is strong enough at heart to await, with a firm foot and steady hand, this thunderbolt of hell that is called a lion, when, with flowing mane, blazing eyes, and open mouth, he charges on him with immense bounds? All fired at once, without regarding whither their balls went, and the lion fell on the group, dashing them hither and thither, breaking the bones and tearing the flesh of all he found within his reach.

"Nevertheless some escaped, carrying with them the bride half dead with terror. In a moment more, and the lion was after them; there was no refuge and no defence, and the wounded beast seized and tore to pieces one after the other, until but one was left of all the party. He, more fortunate than the others, reached the foot of a steep rock, on which he placed the woman, and then began climbing up after her. He had already reached twice the height of a horseman, when the lion gained the foot of the rock as furious as ever.

"With a single bound he seized the unfortunate man by the leg, and dragged him backward to the ground, while the woman reached the summit of the rock from whose inaccessible height she watched the horrible spectacle—the death agony of the last of her defenders. After one or two unsuccessful bounds the lion returned to the dead body of his last victim, and commenced mangling and tearing it in small pieces, in revenge for the loss of the poor wife that looked down at him from above.

"The rest of the night passed slowly away to the lonely woman. When the morning dawned the lion retired to the mountain; but he departed reluctantly, and not without stopping and returning more than once with a covetous whine for the cowering bride he left behind him. A few moments after he had gone, a group of cavaliers appeared on the plain.

"The widow of Smal, without any voice to call, waved her



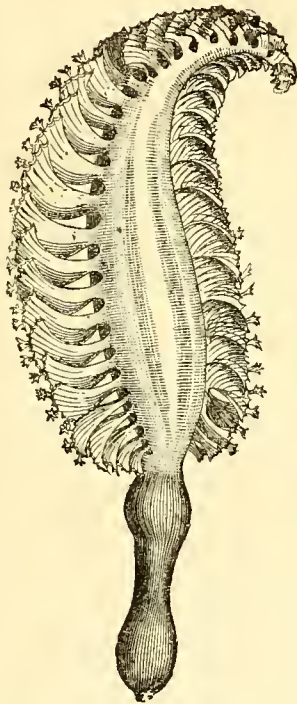
bridal veil as a signal of distress. They came to her at a gallop, and carried her to her father's tent, where she died the next night at the hour of the wedding."

(To be continued.)

## THE SEA-PEN.

ELSEWHERE in the present number you have a short sketch and picture of a curious little fish. But here is a picture of something far more curious than the Butterfly Fish. Just look at it! Did you ever see anything like, or that bore any resemblance to, it? What, think you, is it? Is it a toy? In form it is not much unlike the brushes used by chimney-sweepers in the old country, only it is a little more ornamental about the part above the handle. Would you ever think that it was the likeness of anything living? We hardly think that any of you could come to that conclusion, and yet it is. Such an odd, singular looking creature must have, one would think, a singular name. And so it has, but we think the name it bears is not at all a suggestive one. Still it is said to have been given to it by naturalists because of a fancied resemblance to a common and well known object.

You all know what pens are, that is, steel pens, for you have seen and used them. There may be some of you who never saw a quill pen. A few years ago, say forty or fifty, steel pens were not near so common as they are now, we are not quite sure that they were invented then; and before they were invented quill pens were used. They were made of the quills of the goose, a more choice variety being made of crow quills. Now that quill pens are so little used it is quite an art to make a good quill pen, and it requires a very sharp pen-knife and a skillful hand to do it well. In the days when quill pens only were used a good many persons could not make a good one, and in pen-making, as in a good many other matters in which general convenience is concerned, human ingenuity was called into play, and a neat little instrument was invented by which almost any little boy could make a quill pen in about half a minute. They are rarely seen, and very rarely used now, except by very old-fashioned people who cling to the usages of the days long ago. But all this has nothing to do with the very strange and curious little creature represented by this picture. It is one of the most singular inhabitants of the ocean and is called the Sea-Pen, because of some resemblance it is thought to bear to a quill pen. It seems as if God, in forming this animal, had wished to copy the form of a bird's feather. It is found in great numbers in the Mediterranean sea, but it may be met with, also, in all parts of the ocean. It swims by means of its feather-like fins, but its motion is slow, and as it cannot swim against currents, it is carried by them to the shores of almost all lands. It gives a brilliant light at night, and Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, tells us that "the Sea-Pens which cover the bottom of the ocean cast so strong a light, that it is easy to count the fishes and worms of



various kinds which sport among them." This is a very strange story, but Linnæus was one of the greatest students of natural history that ever lived, and it is likely that what he has written about the Sea-Pens is true. If it is, they must be very numerous, for they are but little creatures, and hence there must be a great many of them and their light must be powerful to make it bright enough to count their neighbors, the fishes and worms.

It must be very beautiful too, to have a look among these Sea-Pens, for they somewhat resemble flowers, quivering with sensibility, and they are of various colors—red, dark grey and purple, and the rays of light which they emit will be as variously colored as they themselves. Just fancy looking down into the depths of the great ocean, and beholding a natural and brilliant illumination, such as Linnæus describes that of the Sea-Pens. Surely the more man knows of Nature's works the more he finds to wonder at and admire, and the greater reason to adore the Author of all,—the Almighty Creator.

AN INDIAN JUGGLER.—While the tom-tom was beating and the pipe playing, the juggler, singing all the time in low accents, smoothed a place in the gravel three or four yards before us. Having thus prepared a bed for the plant to grow in, he took a basket and placed it over the prepared place, covering it with a thin blanket. The man himself did not wear a thread of clothing, except a strip around his loins. The time seemed now to have come for the detective's eye! So just as he was becoming more earnest in his song, and while the tom-tom beat and the pipe shrilled more loudly, I stepped with becoming dignity, and begged him to bring the basket and its cover to me. He cheerfully complied, and I carefully examined the basket, which was made of open wicker-work. I then examined the cloth covering, which was thin, almost transparent, and certainly had nothing concealed in it. I then fixed my eyes on his strip of clothing with such intensity that it was not possible it could have been touched without discovery, and bade him to go on, feeling sure that the trick could not succeed. Sitting down he stretched his naked arms under the basket, singing and smiling as he did so; then he lifted the basket off the ground, and behold, a green plant about a foot high! Satisfied with our applause he went on with his incantations. After having sat a little to give his plant time to grow, he again lifted the basket and the plant was now two feet high. He asked us to wait a little longer, that we might taste the fruit! But on being assured, by those who had seen the trick performed before, that the result would be obtained, I confessed myself "done," without the slightest notion of the how. I examined the ground, and found it was smooth and unturned. Apparently delighted with my surprise, the juggler stood up laughing, when one of his companions chucked a pebble to him, which he put into his mouth. Immediately the same companion, walking backwards, drew forth a cord of silk, twenty yards or so in length; after which the juggler, with his hands behind his back, threw forth from his mouth two decanter stoppers, two shells, a spinning top, a stone and several other things, followed by a long jet of fire. If the wise reader regrets so much space being occupied by such a story, let him pass it on to the children, foolish as myself, who will be glad to read it.

Selected.

ALL philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

AN excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

### CATECHISM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS. (Continued.)

#### LESSON XXVII.

Q.—What did King Benjamin teach his people concerning the blood of Jesus?

A.—That the blood of Jesus should atone for Adam's transgression.

Q.—What effect did the king's teaching have upon the people?

A.—They cried aloud for the forgiveness of their sins.

Q.—Did they receive the remission of their sins?

A.—Yes, through the exceeding faith which they had in Jesus Christ who should come.

Q.—How did they say they felt?

A.—They said a change was wrought in their hearts.

Q.—What was the nature of this change?

A.—They had no more disposition to do evil, but wished to do good continually.

Q.—What other effects did this change produce?

A.—They had the spirit of prophecy and had great views of that which was to come.

Q.—What did King Benjamin do after he had finished speaking?

A.—He took the names of all those who had entered into covenant with God.

Q.—How many had entered into this covenant?

A.—All who were present excepting the little children.

Q.—What other business did he attend to before he dismissed the multitude?

A.—He made Mosiah king and ruler over the people, gave him charge concerning the kingdom and appointed priests to teach the people.

Q.—How old was Mosiah when he began to reign?

A.—He was in his thirtieth year.

Q.—About what number of years was this from the time Lehi left Jerusalem?

A.—About four hundred and seventy-six years.

Q.—How long did King Benjamin live after his son Mosiah was made king?

A.—Three years.

#### LESSON XXVIII.

Q.—What is said concerning Mosiah's character?

A.—That he walked in the ways of the Lord.

Q.—What is said concerning his occupation?

A.—That he tilled the earth.

Q.—Why did he till the earth?

A.—That he might not be a burden to his people, but do as his father had done in all things.

Q.—What effect would the example of such a king be likely to have upon the people?

A.—To dignify labor and make industry honorable.

Q.—To what land did King Mosiah send an expedition?

A.—To the land of their first inheritance—Lehi-Nephi.

Q.—What was the purpose of this expedition?

A.—To learn what had become of the people who returned there in the days when Amaleki kept the plates.

Q.—How many men were permitted by Mosiah to go on this expedition?

A.—Sixteen.

Q.—What was the name of their leader?

A.—Ammon.

Q.—What is said of him?

A.—That he was a strong and mighty man and a descendant of Zarahemla.

Q.—How long did they travel in the wilderness in search of the land?

A.—Forty days.

Q.—What was the name of the land which they then reached?

A.—Shilom.

Q.—What did Ammon then do?

A.—He and three of his brethren left the others in camp and went down into the land of Nephi.

(To be continued.)

## Selected Poetry.

### KIND THOUGHTS.

Let us cherish a memory for pleasant things,  
And let all the others go.  
It is never by giving "tit for tat"  
That we touch the heart of a foe.  
It is not by dwelling on fancied wrongs  
That we feel their sting grow less;  
And malice once entering the heart is sure  
To crush out all tenderness.

Forgive, forget, though the wrong be great,  
And your heart be stricken sore;  
For thinking of trouble makes it worse,  
And its pain is all the more.  
Do kindly things to your neighbors, e'en  
Though they do not so to you;  
Though they be wrong, unjust, unkind,  
Keep your own heart ever true.

The heart is a garden; our thoughts the flowers,  
That spring into fruitful life;  
Have care that in sowing there fall no seed  
From the weed of cruel strife.  
Oh! loving words are not hard to say,  
If the heart be loving too.  
And the kinder the thoughts you give to others,  
The kinder their thoughts of you.

### TRADES AND DEFINITIONS.

A carpenter's duty is plain;  
A cobbler for food sells his sole;  
A barber who ne'er crossed the main  
Still passes from poll unto poll;  
The brickmaker, bloodthirsty elf,  
To kiln's been addicted of old;  
The pilferer goes for his pelf;  
An elder's as oft young as old;  
The weatherecock-makers are vain  
Of the vanes they expose to the blast;  
The bellows-man ne'er will refrain  
From blowing his "wares" to the last;  
A lawyer's existence is brief;  
A printer 'gainst vice should be proof;  
A builder will sure come to grief  
Who commences to build at the roof;  
The miller makes millions from mills;  
In all trades can money be made.  
But newspapers suffer from bills  
Which seldom or never are paid.

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